

THE ONLY OSCAR.

Arrival of the Poet and Pioneer of the New Esthete.

A Pen Picture of the Patron of the Sunflower and Lover of the Lily—How He Appears in the Garish Light of a California Sunday—His Manners, His Words and His Ideas.

Oscar Wilde, the disciple of the intense, the prophet of the utterly too-true, arrived in San Francisco yesterday morning by the overland train. He was met at Port Costa by Manager Locke, of the Bush Street Theatre, under whose pecuniary auspices the lily-worshipper comes to this Coast, and by a heavy delegation of journalistic interviewers, to whom he in due time submitted himself. First he and his manager and Manager Locke had a little business confab. In the alleged poet's private compartment of the sleeping-car, and then the a. p. emerged with languid step, drooping eyes lids, and wide, loose smile to greet the waiting newspaper men. He was attired in a broad brimmed, light drab, soft felt hat, a velvet coat, brown trousers, a rose-colored silk neck tie, and varnished shoes with very pointed toes. His hair hung over, rather, stuck out down to the collar of his coat, a handkerchief, or what might have been one, of the same color and material as his necktie, protruded in a rumpled bunch from the outside breast-pocket of the coat, and some faded wild flowers adorned the lapel.

IMPRESSION BY WILDE.

The newspaper men, on being presented to Mr. Wilde and invited to take a seat with him, removed their hats. Mr. Wilde did not remove his, seeing which the DAILY REPORT representative at once resumed his tie, and wore it as long as Mr. Wilde did his; in other words, to the end of the interview. As Wilde left the Oakland ferry-boat and walked to the carriage to enter a hack that was waiting to convey him to the Palace Hotel, a lady in the crowd of by-standers was heard to remark: "That Oscar Wilde! Why, I thought he was a gentleman!" and she had not seen the hat episode at Port Costa either. Mr. Wilde condescended to converse, in low tones, with the newspaper men. He confessed himself somewhat disappointed with the continent of America, there being, in his opinion, a sad lack of color and variety about its great landscapes. He had been ineffably bored and distressed by the vast brown levels over which the Central and Union Pacific men had been inconsiderate enough to build their transcontinental railroad, not knowing Wilde was coming, and the snow had wearied him too. The change to the green grass and varied foliage of California had, therefore, been "very joyous."

OUR WORKING CLASSES.

He had also, it seemed, been partly saddened and partly inspired by the lack of appreciation of the truly beautiful and the really artistic which he had observed in this large and vulgar land. Inspiration and hope had, however, been aroused in his velvet bosom by the fact that the working classes of the United States were actually freemen and not merely nominally freemen and actually slaves, as were those of England. They were therefore at liberty to go in for the intense and brace up to the transcendental, as it were, and his mission was to give them a leg-up in that direction at one dollar a leg. However, as the Mohammed of the new art movement Mr. Wilde is hardly as supremely satisfactory as he might be; he is "all but" the very reverse. As a Britisher, who has come across the ocean to tell Americans how to attain the beautiful and worship the truly lovely, Mr. Wilde is hardly a representative of his own profession or an exemplar of his own aims. He is

A BATHING EXTENT FERRYMAN.

And does not suggest even personal cleanliness. In the poet of the aesthetic and the herald of the latest renaissance, frayed and grimy shirt cuffs are disappointing, and a wretchedly ill-fitting coat, wrinkled all up in the lack of the shoulders is a dreadful shock to all beholders, to say nothing of the trousers, which are evidently English. Besides, Mr. Wilde's teeth were not submitted to the professional eye and hand of a dentist in early life, a disadvantage which in later life has not attracted as much attention as it might have from the person principally concerned. The leader of the esthete is, in brief an untidy prophet and is not as clean as the average English gentleman prides himself on being. Seen upon the streets of San Francisco by an ignorant and benighted American who had never heard of "Charmides" or read "Panthea," Mr. Wilde would be taken for a corn doctor in reduced circumstances, or

A DETROITED "KING OF PAIN."

That Mr. Wilde believes himself to know a great deal is evidenced by his poems, that he believes American working men to know very little is evidenced by a remark he made about a miner with whom he conversed on his passage through Nevada. "Why," said Mr. Wilde, "he quoted four lines from Pope! He actually did, and I was so pleased to see that men of his class read such authors. I should dearly have liked to have seen that man's home." This very complimentary allusion to a man who preferred to express himself in the words of an old poet instead of puzzling his listeners by becoming a new poet himself, was a pretty good clue to the knowledge Mr. Wilde has of the intellectual status of the Americans whom he comes to teach. Oscar Wilde is very vain. Vanity sticks out—to use an esthetic term—in all he does, says, and looks. For example, he remarked to the DAILY REPORT representative that he had been particularly struck by the lack of personal beauty in the Chinese he had seen, and he considered that this lack of personal beauty had had its effect—was reflected—in the absence of beauty which their works of art showed, their decoration being involved and obscure and the effects simply grotesque. Yet Mr. Wilde professes to be ready to lead the world into realms of newer and more perfect artistic beauty, and Mr. Wilde is not beautiful himself—quite the reverse. His face is homely, his figure is ungainly, and his manners are not very good. Talking about his manners,

THE NEW ARRIVAL'S DEMANDS.

is very peculiar. It is exceedingly effeminate, and would lead the listener and observer to the conclusion that Oscar was a "mother's boy"—that he had first been endowed with his mother's mentality, then instructed at her knee and through her lips, and altogether pretty thoroughly coddled and spoiled, as such boys generally are. Pre-eminently English himself, after a certain fashion, Mr. Wilde expressed regret that he should have found the American people so much Anglicized. The DAILY REPORT representative informed him that we were certainly Anglicized a good deal just at present but not enough to hurt; that our adoption of English modes and fashions was merely a craze of the hour, and that next year we might be as German or Russian, as before we were English we were French. The poet admired very much the name of California towns and stations. "San Pablo" he thought was just quite too lovely for anything and he rolled his eyes at "San Rafael." The reporters maintained

A DISCREET EILEEN.

Regarding "Geyersville," "National City," "Petrolia," "Shingletown," "Yosemite," "Yonket," "Yankie Jim," "Red Dog," "Linkville," "Klingie Springs" and "Twenty-six Mile House," for Oscar looked absolutely ill when he spoke of a place called "Griggsville," somewhere in the East. Mr. Wilde, who names his poems "Impression de Marin," "La Bella Donna Della Mia Madre," "Amor Intellectualis," "Impression de Voyage," etc., thought it was too awfully dreadfully vulgar to append to the name Griggs the word "ville," forgetting, perhaps, that old Griggs had as good a right to tack "ville" on to his shanghai as Wilde has to affix a Latin or Greek title to an English poem. Marcus R. Meyer, the distinguished dramatic agent and Democrat, who had had the privilege of traveling across the continent with Oscar provided to the reporters his opinion that "Wilde is no sardine, and anybody who picks him up for a d—d fool will get left." That was precisely the impression Mr. Wilde gave the DAILY REPORT representative. If Wilde had been born in the United States, and had by a kind Providence been

GENEROUS FOR AND FOR.

And preserved from the pursuit of poetry, he would very likely have made a fortune as a traveling physician, and would have attracted the attention by carriage and foot, anatomic robes, and the other

favorite advertising methods of that class which he now attracts by peculiarity of dress and affectations of speech and manners. Mr. Wilde is quite a shrewd young man, and probably knows every time on which side his bread is buttered. He is quite careful to avoid expression of opinion upon topics which would have an effect upon the size of the audience at his lectures and changes or stops the conversation adroitly when he can, rudely when he must, as soon as dangerous ground seems to have been reached. His conversation is exceedingly wordy and delivered with an air of superiority and authority which might with some listeners cover up its vagueness and indistinctness. What ideas the hearers may have, in conversation, are clouded by his words to such an extent as to lead to the belief that the speaker himself is not so certain about them as he might be. One could imagine a spiritualistic medium who had graduated at Oxford and read much poetry talking in very much the same strain at Charter Oak Hall on a warm Sunday afternoon. As a proof of the vagueness spoken of it may be said that the

THREE VERY INTELLIGENT GENTLEMEN.

Who yesterday interviewed Mr. Wilde for the morning papers, have had for their reports to-day to draw upon their own resources very largely in order to supply a tolerably connected and intelligible conversation, and one of the enterprising gentlemen has evidently expended 10 cents on the "Seaside" edition of Wilde's lecture on "The English Renaissance" and made Mr. Wilde's conversation consist of extracts from it. As for the DAILY REPORT representative, he remembers that Mr. Wilde underlined his sentences considerably, but he cannot recall anything original or striking that he said. Travelers have before rejoiced in the green of California, noted its Spanish nomenclature, admired the line of its coast range, said its Chinese were not pretty, and professed a desire to remain in California longer than their money-making engagements elsewhere would permit, but they have not been able to do it in quite the same style as Oscar. For example, when he says merely "I should like to visit Japan," he says it with such a rolling eye, such a sweeping smile, such a languid accent and such a general "air," that the unaccustomed hearer is really at first almost forced to believe that Mr. Wilde has given him a new revelation of the beautiful, till he pulls himself together and remembers that he could have said the same thing himself and said it just as well—perhaps better—had he thought it worth while or that anybody cared to know his wants and wishes.

Mr. Wilde was driven to the Palace Hotel when he landed and will lecture to-night at Platt's Hall upon "The English Renaissance."

Newspapers and Lecturers.

When Oscar Wilde remarked yesterday to a newspaper man that American newspapers seemed to be written to create a laugh rather than to impart instruction, his answer was that American newspaper men, like English lecturers, accommodated themselves to the popular taste, because they wanted to make money—if they thought any particular course of conduct would advertise them in a manner that would produce the needful coin, they would adopt it, regardless of who laughed at it or failed to be instructed by it.

The journalist thought it unnecessary to add that some newspaper men would dress in knee breeches and carry a sun flower if they could thereby gain even one mile small ad.

A Ladies' Project.

The ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. T. K. Noble, President, are about to open a house where homeless women and girls, who are dependent upon their own exertions for support, can be provided with a cheerful, comfortable and respectable home. To this end the following committee has been appointed to solicit funds for furnishing it: Melancton H. S. Steadman, H. C. Carleton, Myron S. Cox, and F. C. Cooke, Miss E. M. Demott, and Messrs. J. Elder, W. C. Ford, E. D. Sawyer, C. P. Stephenson, L. P. Williams and H. S. Blackwell. If persons having furniture, carpets, pictures, etc., to donate, will send their addresses to any member of the committee the articles will be called for and gratefully acknowledged.

The Effect of Age.

"You are the author, I believe," said an alleged journalist yesterday to Mr. Oscar Wilde, "of the poem beginning: 'Albeit nurtured in democracy, And liking best that state republican Where every man is Kinglike and no man is crowned above his fellows, Etc.'" "You" said Mr. Wilde "but I was young then." The inference was that now he is older and has, in his own estimation, been crowned above his fellows; he does not like republicanism and democracy as well. Though it will be noted that Mr. Wilde rather mixes up the two ideas of republicanism and democracy. There are those who say that Oscar ceased to be "young" when the Prince of Wales honored him with his patronage.

Accident to George W. Grayson.

George W. Grayson, residing at the corner of Ninth and Madison streets, Oakland, received serious injuries on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Grayson was visiting a mine in which he holds an interest, in the northern part of Calaveras county. He was descending the shaft of the mine by means of a ladder. The ladder broke and he fell to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of 30 feet. His ankle was fractured and he received severe bruises on the head and body. There were no physicians present and therefore the wounds were not dressed until he returned home at half-past 5 o'clock last evening.

A Clerk's Ruin.

George C. Haydon, clerk in the Treasurer's office of the Central Pacific Railroad Company has disappeared, leaving his accounts \$5,000 short. He entered the Company's employment eleven years ago as messenger boy in the Sacramento office, and was on the road to the preferment to which his apparent industry and faithfulness were considered to entitle him. A few months ago he became a fast-player and an associate of lewd women and on February 28th he disappeared, after having abstracted the \$5,000. Thus far his whereabouts has not been discovered.

Talk About the Weather.

The highest the thermometer reached yesterday was 72, in the most absolute shade, such as the Signal Observer maintains for his thermometer in the top story of the Merchants' Exchange building. That was very hot for San Francisco, however, clothed, lodged and habited as San Franciscans are, and as the thermometer retained that absurd altitude all day and until 8 p. m., the heat seemed absolutely terrible. To-day promises to be even warmer, for at 10 a. m. the thermometer had reached the 80 notch.

Managerial Precautions.

Manager Locke went over on the 8 o'clock boat to meet Oscar Wilde. He justified himself for the encounter with an aesthetic breakfast of ham and eggs, loafsteak, sausages, four slices of German bread and two cups of coffee. When he had settled with the colored restaurateur and climbed down from his stool, he wore an air of confidence which he had not possessed when he boarded the boat.

A Distinguished Chinaman.

Among the passengers by the steamship Tokio, which arrived yesterday, was Wong Jun Hin, the new Chinese Consul-General. He relieves Chun Shu Tang, who will probably return home by the Tokio on her next trip to China. He will enter upon his official duties as soon as his equipage arrives from the Minister at Washington, which will be in about a week hence.

A Frog Opera at Oakland.

A frog opera, for the benefit of the Homeopathic Hospital, will soon be given in Oakland by Eastern and local talent. If the croaking in the gloaming signifies anything it ought to be an easy matter for Oakland to get up a frog concert with local talent alone.

After All Has Not Failed.

SANTA CLARA (CAL.), May 2, 1881. H. H. WARNER & CO. Sir:—I suffered from catarrh of the bladder for three years I employed the best medicine and to be relieved, but received no permanent relief. I tried your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure and can now say that well. J. L. KNAPP.

Persons, please, Sept. 25, 1878. Mrs. J. W. Teller, Women's Christian Temperance Union.

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